at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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A SION OF THE TIMES.

The progress of the strike of the packers' teamsters in Chicago will be followed with interest in New York, as there is a prospect of its extending in this direction. Whether it does or not it will probably furnish an exmee for another advance in the price of meat and further disturbance of the public comfort.

The teamsters want only a moderate advance in wages, and they have the sympathy of large numbers of their fellow workmen in their movement. The underlying sentiment of the strike, as indeed of the whole strike movement in this country at this time, is that the employees of the great money-making trusts are entitled to some small share in the enormous profits that are being realized.

It would be strange if it were otherwise. It is only logical that when business is prosperous the workingman should also expect to prosper. But when prosperity puts up the price of every article he consumes without any corresponding advance in his wages he is not better off, but actually poorer as the result of that prosperity which he has done so much to create. To ask him to accept such a condition without a struggle is asking too much from human nature.

It would not seriously injure the Beef Trust to grant the advance in wages asked for even if it did not immediately transfer the advance to the consumer, but we suppose there is a great principle involved, and the helpless public must stand the consequences.

MR. JEROME AT HARVARD.

Mr. Jerome in his address to the Harvard students yesterday was in his most vociferous mood. He made an exceedingly interesting talk. He gave a kinetoscopic exhibition of activity with megaphone announcements of the operator's true greatness which the students will long remember, and incidentally gave any budding medical specialists present an hour's close view of a kind of man and orator well worth a young alienist's study.

What did the orator aim to accomplish by his slur of the Mayor? "We have got a reform administration," said he; "we have got a reform Mayor, a reform Police Commissioner, and the gambling houses are open and the Mayor prates about the extremity of the law being Injustice.'

The fact is undeniable. But what of the District-Attorney's performances as part of the work of this same reform administration? What of the results of his five months of office? Is there any single accomplishment to which Mr. Jerome feels that he can point with pride? Even the enlivening smashing of gamblinghouse doors is over and done for; we cannot even look to the District-Attorney's office for amusement. No deeds at all now; only words, words, words. An intolerable deal of Falstafian rhetoric and not even the small half-pennyworth of bread!

THE ANTI-AUTO CRUSADE.

Gradually the endangered public is discovering new means of protection against the peril of the automobile. At Great Neck, Long Island, the automobile finds that the cause of the common people is supported by the wealthy owners of fine horses who are in a position to assert their rights and meet the road scorchers on equal

Mr. Arents, a wealthy trust magnate of Great Neck, who has been in the habit of whirling through the country like a tornade with his automobile, finds himself up against a foeman worthy of his steel in the person of Mr. Beavor Webb, who is something of a magnate himself, and whose specialty is blooded trotting horses. Mr. Beavor Webb has timed Mr. Arents by the easy device of stationing his timers with stop watches along Mr. Arents's route and is enabled to furnish competent testimony on which to prosecute him.

This is progress, but the only effective remedy for automobile scorching is a jail sentence.

AN INDIAN'S LUCKLESS LOVE.

The burial yesterday of the Pamunky Indian who died for love and the presence beside his coffin of the girl who had jilted him were episodes in a little drama showing a red man in a role that would have excited the derision of his scalp-taking ancestors. A descendant of Powhatan pining away and dying for the love of a pale face's daughter! Such are the sentimentalizing influences of civilization!

But it is altogether a pathetic case. "I grieve that his affection, which I was unable to return, should have hastened his death." says the girl who inspired Bradley's unhappy passion. A sigh and a glance meant much to an ardent youth untutored in a language the women of the wigwam do not understand. They were fatal to a sensitive soul. There are more illustrious names in the company of those who have died for love, but Bradley's deserves a place among them at least for temporary remembrance.

SMALL BOTTLES AND HIGH BALLS.

"It wasn't the wine." murmured Mr. Snodgrass; "i was the salmon." Mr. Oscar Hammerstein says it is the wine. His judgment is pronounced with regard to roof-garden hilarity. This hilarity, grown as vociferous at times as the rathskeller riotousness at the other extreme of the skyscraper, gives Mr. Hammerstein concern, and he has been making use of mathematical principles to discover the exact ratio of intexicants to intoxication. "It's the champagne," he announces; "there are more little blue devils in a pint of it than in a demijohn of whiskey." So Mr. Hammerstein has exiled the bottle, but it is likely soon to return in triumph to Rome, which is the roof garden.

For though these statistics are from the authority attaching to the investigator an interesting addition to the literature of prohibition they are not wholly cound. The data are a bit dotty. No account has been to the Editor of The Evening World:

taken of contributory causes—the absence of the small I hear a lot about people not standing mate and requires special and great I hear a lot about people not standing up between seats on open cars. The public seem to think passengers ought to be forbidden to stand thus. Well, passengers don't thus inconvendence themselves for fun. The fault lies with the company for not running more and larger cars. People often haven't time to wait for the next car. Don't scowl already in two different attempts to standing up between seats on open cars. The public seem to think passengers ought to be forbidden to stand thus. Well, passengers don't thus inconvendence themselves for fun. The fault lies with the company for not running more and larger cars. People often haven't time to wait for the next car. Don't scowl already in the Charletty.

LUDOVIC QUAYLE.

Says Tea Can He Grown Here.

To the Editor of The Evening Weris:

In maswer to W. G. Minden's question as to why the cannot grow or be relied.

andered less popular from the triffing circum-test the two amateur aeronauts lost their lives in two different attempts to give exhibitions, as to why 'en cannot grow or be raised in the United States as rice. I will state the second to the decompose voyages.





The Funny Side of Life.

JOKES OF OUR OWN

TICKLE FAVOR One instance will show just how the constancy of men is: The folks who last month loved ping-

Have shelved it now for tennis

"Do you believe the pen is mightier

than the sword?" "It all depends on whether it's the sort you keep stock in or the kind folks scribble with."

ON THE RIALTO.

"The star got mad at the managed last evening and drew a gun on him. Threatened to become a shooting star

BEEF TRUST PROSPECTS. Her Suitor-Yes, sir. I have \$5,000 two rich uncles in their nineties. Her Father—I'm afraid it's not enough My daughter is accustomed to every luxury. Have you no other prospects? Her Suitor-I possess a one-third in-

terest in a calf. Her Father-Take her, my boy, with my blessing.

BORROWED JOKES.

EGGING HIM ON. Actor-I have a war as well as a histrionic record. I was nearly killed once by the bursting of a shell. Manager-Who threw the egg?-Baltimore World.

ANGER IN HIS BLOWS. Wife (to her husband)-Arthur, love I want you to give John a good scolding to-morrow morning.
Husband-What for? I am perfectly

satisfied with the fellow. Wife—Well, you see, he has to bea the carpets to-morrow and he strike; ever so much harder when he's kn bad temper.—Pearson's Weekly.

VALUABLE TIMBER.

"I think a good deal of that cane," remarked Senator Lotsmun, exhibiting the walking stick with pardonable pride 'It cost \$50,000."

"What are you giving me?" asked "It's a fact. There was \$50,000 appro priated for the improvement of one of the rivers in my State last year. One snag was pulled out of the river, and this cane was made from that snag."—

SOMEBODIES.

COOK, A. S.—the Boston merchant, is chief camp owner in Maine, controlling 400 square miles of sporting territory there.

HAWORTH JAMES-who rang the bells in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, for the death of William IV., for the accession of Queen Victoria, for both her jubilees and for the birth of all her children, intends to ring in the reign of Edward VII. on coronation day. He is eighty-one.

MUSOLINO, BRIGAND-is named by his admirers as a possible candidate for the Italian Chamber of Deputies. If elected he would, of course, have to be freed from prison. It is not known whether or not he will run under a "Purity in Politics" standard. PIERCE, H. H. D.-Third Assistant Secretary of State, will have charge of the Grand Duke of Russia during the latter's forthcoming American

SAXE-WEIMAR, GRAND DUKE OF who is only twenty-five, is said to be the richest bachelor in Europe.

WILLIAMS, MISS-the Georgia sculptor, has just finished a bust of Car dinal Gibbons.

KNOWS A BOOK.

With staff in hand and dusty shoon, walked from morning till high

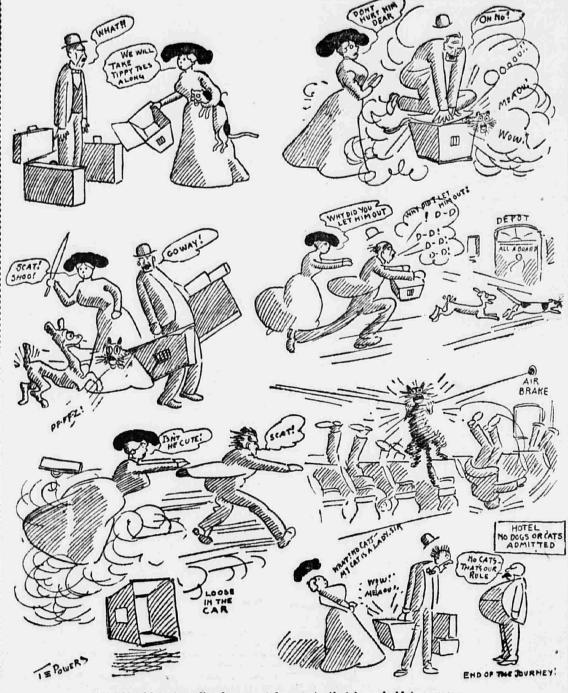
noon; Then rested for a little while Upon the green grass by a brook, And with a morsel and a book Forgot me many a mile.

And then upon my way I strode With bending back beneath the load Until the night beset my way With cheerful thought on song

And so I fare by hill and vale. Contented, day by day.

For he who knows a book to read May travel lightly, without steed And find sweet comfort on the road He shall forget the rugged way, Nor sigh for kindly company, Nor faint beneath his load. -R. R. Kirk, in Frank Leslie' Popular Monthly for June.

THE VACATION SEEKERS—NO. 3.



If you'd add to travel's pleasure, take a cat—that household treasure— (To a cat a railway journey's one long, lingering, hectic fit) And your hardly earned vacation will bring chunks of recreation To every one who comes within a mile or so of it.

NEW VARIETY.



The Ostramp-Madam, could you spare me an old ple plate or tomato

IN MISSOURI.

Grandma-Willie, wot you a-chew Willie-Tobacker. Grandma-Well, it's a good thing I

found out 'fore I basted ye! I was

afeerd 'twas gum!



Philanthropic Old Lady (to little boy caressing dog)-That is right, little boy, always be kind to animals Little Boy-Yes'm. I'll have this tin can tied to his tail soon's I've got

DANGEROUS.



Mr. Clipper-Green-I'm going to rent a bed in a private hospital. Miss Daisy Cutter-Why so? ago and I've already crippled six caddles."



She-What a long arm you have! He-I wish you'd let some of it go

OUT OF STYLE.



"Tut, tut," we say to the lady who is criticising her erring friends, "you should not talk so. You should wear With a frivolous toss of her sunny "Mercy! It has such a ragian ef-

The "Tween-Scats" Passengers.

For Drinking Fountains.

only venture the experiment It cer- fountains at the Manhattan and Brook- who have no bed to lie in, how grateful ainly requires a warm, favorable cli- lyn ends of the bridge, with drinking some people would be for a couch

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The work of my leisure time (for I am a breadwinner) brings me in contact with those who are unable to work for their living. There are several ways by which we could benefit our poorer sisters and brothers, but there is one to by which we would lose little If, for instance, you have some old clothes or

mate and requires apecial and great cups attached, for the public? People for chairs. There are many people who care and, I suppose (as the general class of the people of our country posters in the people of our country posters have a feet that attend to this.

C. R. B. There are many people who in reality are rich people who in reality are rich people in comparison to many a poor widow property. poor people who in reality are rich people in comparison to many a poor widow who is going out scrubbing in ragge

England.

DITY CORNER.

DREAMS AND PORTENTS.

The gambler, waiting on the corner to get a car home, yawned, for it was so early that the morning was still pink, and the gambler had been sitting up all night, says the Philadelphia

"There are many well-known supersti tions connected with poker," he said.
"I am acquainted with half a dozen cases where, in this game, dreams have come true. Jesse James, the outlaw dreamed one night that he held on the deal a pair of trays, discarded three and won heavily on an ace full. He was playing a few weeks later, and in his first hand, the pair of trays com ing, he recalled his dream and whis pered it to the man next him. Then he began to whoop things up, and on that hand he came out \$1,800 to the good, for his dream, you see, came true in every

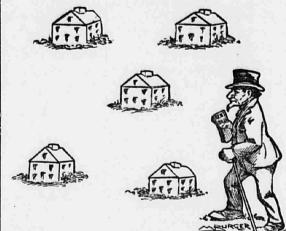
"E. Berry Wall, the New Yorker, was told by a palmist that he ought to play the races, betting on horses whose names were those of colors. He looked the papers over that night, and Scarlet was the only colored nag entered for the next day. Scarlet was a 60-to-1 shot and Berry Wall laid \$150 on him. Wall drove away from the track that night with \$9,000 tucked in his clothes. "Policy goes by dreams and supersti

tions altogether. My servant girl dreamed she had a gold tooth last month, and the next morning she put a week's wages on the gold row flat, and won \$300. "These are all authenticated cases,"

said the gambler, "and I can vouch for them."

WHAT IS THE SHORTEST ROUTE?





These ten houses are owned by the man in the lower right hand corner of the picture. He is the landlord. In order to get his rent he must visit five of the houses once and the other five twice. What will be the shortest route by which this may be accomplished? The correct route will be mapped out in Monday's Evening World.

THE ANDES. The highest mountains in the world next to the Himalayas are the Andes of South America. In Bolivia twelve peaks

de la Paz rise to over 20,000 feet.

of the Cordilleras

CANADA Canada represents 30 per cent. of the entire British Empire and one - fifteenth of the land area of the world. Yet its population is not over 5,500,000.

KINGS' TITLES. English Kings called themselves Kings of France till a century ago, and French Kings called themselves Kings of Jerusalem until the Revolution.

VOLCANOES. Ecuador has a record in volcamoes-three active, five dormant, twelve extinct. peaks have never been climbed.

Wasted Candles. A candle once extinguished may in an Austrian royal palace.

BY AUTO TO THE NORTH POLE.



Capt. Bernier, head of a Canadian exploration party, will seek the North Pole

No airship or monster balloon for him. He has hit upon a new idea, and will go skipping through the Arctic regions in automobiles adapted from a Russian invention. Instead of wheels these autos will be fitted with rollers adapted to see going. Such inventions have been used with success on extensive ice packs, and Capt. Bernier will make use of this knowledge in his quest for the North Pole, says the Chicago Tribune.

The sleighs on which the motors are to be placed will be so constructed as to be capable of being used for navigating open stretches of water where such can-

HER UNKNOWN FRIEND.

Why Miss Benson Was Puzzled When They Met and Bowed.

It happened on an elevated train. Miss Benson had settled herself comfortably, when she became aware of a woman sitting facing her in the section across the aisle. Miss Benson's little Grecian nose took a slight upward turn at the sight of her, for she was overdressed. Her hat in its size and style was simply impossible; her waist was rather more than daring. She wore one rather soiled glove and her bare hand was decked with rings up to the knuckles, to say nothing of the diamonds that sparkled in her ears. Miss Benson turned away her head disdainfully, but before

long she found herself looking at the woman again-at the hat and the diamonds and the openwork yoke. They seemed to have a fascination for her. Presently the woman turned around and, looking in Miss

Such occasions call for quick thinking. Miss Benson hought at first that she would ignore the bow. Then she help of the bottle, letting the bottle thought that, after all, she might have met the woman somewhere and she could not be guilty of the rudeness of a snub. where and she could not be guilty of the rudeness of a shit.

She returned the smile and the bow, and, that sacred duty

can be fitted in airtight; one should discharged, looked out of the window.

Benson's direction, smiled and bowed.

Miss Benson could remain in doubt no longer. Leaning the first. Put the cork into the bottle, as shown in the illustration; close the forward she addressed the gorgeous person. "Pardon me," she said, "but will you be kind enough to opening of the shorter piece of straw tell me your name? I am ashamed to say that I cannot re-

memory. "Don't apologize," said the woman, with a sweet smile.

call it. It's awful of me, I know, but I have such a poor

'Was it''--- began Miss Benson hesitatingly. "I don't think it was; in fact, I'm sure it wasn't. I don't

remember ever seeing you before. I was bowing to the gen-tleman in the seat behind you." Miss Benson gasped an apology and leaned back in her seat, limp and blushing with all her might.

POLICE PHOTOGRAPHS.

An offender against Russian laws was photographed in six days, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. A different positions, and the pictures were circulated among the police departments. The chief of one department wrote to headquarters a few days after the issue of the portraits: "Sir-I have duly received the portraits of the six miscreants approper location for it is now being whose capture is desirable. I have arrested five of them and the sixth is under observation and will be secured everything that used to be found in such

THE MAGIC BOTTLE.



Suppose you are handed a glass full of water and a bottle filled with water

Bore two holes through a cork in But all the time she wondered who on earth the woman extend as long as the glass is deep and could be, says the Chicago News. Where had she met her? the other should be twice as long as with sealing wax, and press the longer piece of straw so deep into the water that the water squirts out of the opening. Turn the bottle around in such a way that the short piece of straw "I have a poor memory myself. I am Mrs. Evans."
The cloud on Miss Benson's brow did not clear away.
"I see that doesn't help you much." said Mrs. Evans.
"Well, that's quite natural. I didn't really expect that it will run out of the longer piece of straw until the glass is empty, the bottle remaining full.

"OLD SHOES."

The Lynn Historical Society is making preparations to show the growth of the boot and shoe industry. To do this they tion of the kind that were well known to the oldest inhabitants in their younger has been turned over to the society, and

have decided to fit up an old sheems-kers' shop that will be an exact imitaa proper location for it is